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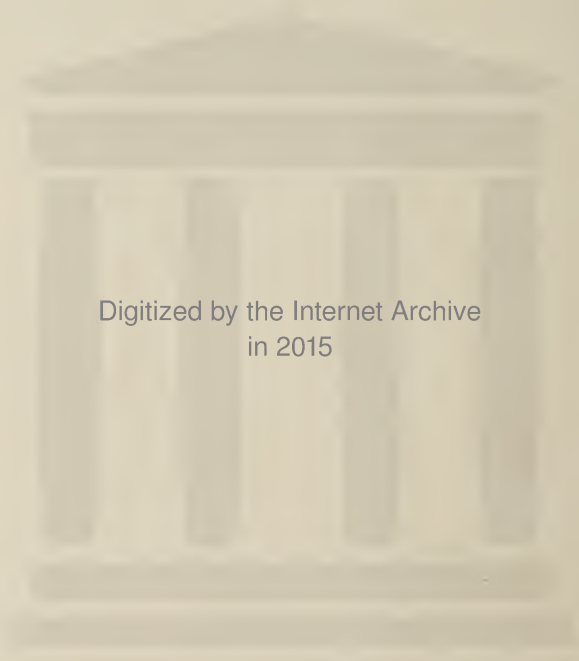
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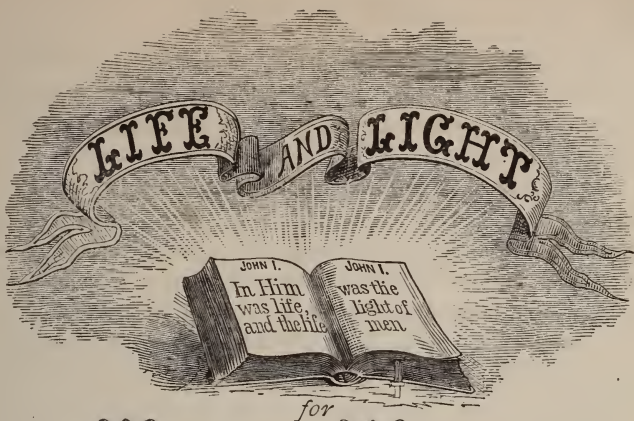
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for
Brethren Women.

VOL. II.

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No. 2.

INDIA.

OUT IN THE VILLAGES.

BY MRS. CAPRON.

It was a ride of eight miles, at the slow pace of bullocks. I must be there early, to see the people in their houses before the sun is hot; so the stars were bright in the sky when we left home. If mamma goes, of course the children must go; and the two little girls sat in the end of the cart, delighted at the quiet beauty of the sky, upon which the dawn was just entering. Why did these words again and again come into my mind, "Tell His disciples and Peter, that He goeth before you into Galilee"? What a visit it will be, if the dear Lord goes before!

We were not expected so early, and had halted before the modest mud schoolhouse, before our presence in the village was known. But how soon a crowd gathers! It was a pleasant look-out from the end of my cart. Close up were the Christian men

of the village, and the gray-haired mother of two of them. Crowding between these were the children. A little farther back were the smiling faces of the Christian women, whom I greeted with, —

“ Oh, you well know how much I like a straight parting in your hair ! ”

It was a sufficient reward for all the pains they had taken to look nice. Beyond these was a fringe of heathen women, some of the most respectable, as well as the poor cooly woman with her basket on her head. In the background were the beautiful tamarind-trees, whose feathery green refreshed me all that hot day.

The first thing was to visit each house before the sun grew hot. I went to only six. I was obliged to decline the invitation of some nice heathen women who had followed from house to house, and who seemed greatly to enjoy my criticisms on neatness, or the want of it.

While sitting on the shady side of one of these houses, I had a deputation from the village school, with its heathen school-master at the head. The boys were dressed up in style, with red jackets and marvellously large turbans. Each boy — and there were fourteen — had a slender bambu, wound with bright-colored threads, which looked more like a very long and slender Chinese pagoda, than any thing else I can think of. One of the boys chanted in honor of some heathen deity ; to which his companions added a chorus of “ Siva, Siva,” rattling at the same time these showy wands, which had little stones concealed in the folds of the palmyra leaves with which they were ornamented. I had intended to have a children’s meeting in the course of the day, and quickly resolved to have it then and there. The boys were bright, and followed me closely while I described the journey to my distant home, left so long ago. It was an easy transition to the home on high, and its great King. Many women stood around ; and I overheard a well-to-do one

among them say to another, who came up with wondering looks,—

“She says that we are all the time thinking of our bodies that we can see, and forget to think of our souls that we can’t see; and that when we die our bodies will be gone, and that we shall be glad if we haven’t forgotten to take care of our souls. The boys have been singing to her, and she has been talking to them, and I have been listening.”

“There is a seed lodged,” I said to myself. She had on a yellow cloth: perhaps I shall see her again.

“The water boils!” said one of the nice women who had been looking after my tea-kettle, and running in and out of a side-door to catch what she could of my talk with the children.

The strip of friendly shade had grown narrow; so I dismissed my audience, and went to the schoolhouse for my breakfast. The welcome cup of tea made, the woman boiled me some eggs; and these, with bread, butter, and fruit, were spread on the table. The people civilly withdrew; and my little daughters, on two small boxes, thought it was “just like picnic.”

Breakfast over, the next thing was a meeting with the women. During the fifteen minutes before coming together, several women strayed into the schoolhouse, and among them was the woman with the yellow cloth. They were all heathen. One of the women asked,—

“How many children have you?”

“Three,” I answered.

“There are only two here: is the other one at home?”

“Yes, safe at home!”

The woman with the yellow cloth has been steadfastly looking at me; but when the one at her side again asked,—

“Is the other child older than these?” she turned to her, and in a low tone, as if a feeling of awe had come over her, said,—

“The other one was a son, and is dead. I have heard so.” Then, turning to me,—

“Why didn’t you say he is dead?”

“Because he lives, and will live forever. We lay our bodies down at death, but these souls of ours will live on somewhere.”

“Tell me about it,” she said, coming nearer.

“The great God above all gods, who made us, has prepared a glorious home for us to go to when we lay by our bodies.”

“And your child went there, didn’t he?”

“Yes; and I shall go to him.”

“When will you come back again?”

“I shall never come back.”

“Has nobody come back? Then, how do you know so much?”

“From the blessed book that I am trying to get you all to learn to read. If you would only think about your soul, and get ready for death, you would think of death without terror, and look forward to heaven with joy.”

She drank in every word. It seemed as if one could lead her. The Christian women had now all come, and gathered about me; and she had accepted my invitation to join them, but was called away. We sang, —

“Oh! when shall I see Jesus, —
Jesus, my Saviour?”

One of the women prayed thus: “Why not, O risen Lord! come also? Why not in some way be in our midst, and let us all feel sure that thou art here?” It was a prayer most refreshing to me. I then read the verse beginning, “In my Father’s house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you.” The precious words seemed as well adapted to the heathen women present as any I could have chosen.

After the meeting, the eldest one of the group sat beside me,

while the others had gone to prepare the noon meal. They had begged the pleasure of cooking rice and curry for me, and pleasantly said, "We cannot stay here, and give you a dinner too!" This old woman had been much interested in the meeting, and had borne well the reproofs directed at her. Though quarrelsome, she will at length be purified, I hope. She was full of reminiscences. She spoke of a catechist, now gone to his reward.

"I was alone, and taken with cholera. I had no medicine. I sent for the catechist; and he came, and was distressed to feel that I should die. 'I have no medicine,' he said, 'but I can pray;' and he prayed, and prayed, and prayed. When I grew sicker he prayed, and when I rallied he still prayed; and in the morning I said, 'I shall not die, but live.' Then he said he must pray again to thank the Lord. And I have lived twenty-five years more!"

The wilting, sickening heat came on. Men who went to their fields with the dawn had returned, and were lying under the shady tamarinds. The women were chatting lazily in groups; and my good friends would have been at leisure, had I not delayed them so much. The schoolhouse door stood invitingly open, and I had visitors all the time. Sometimes there were four, and sometimes ten or twelve. I reminded the Christians what a good opportunity these leisure hours afforded them for sowing the seed of God's word.

At two o'clock the dinner was ready. Nicely-cooked rice and savory curry were set before me. I was amused to observe one after another come in to see if I wanted any thing, when I knew they really desired to be sure that I was doing justice to the curry! No one went away doubting. The children wished me to ask for the receipt!

After dinner, came another part of the programme, that I had not thought of. Two of the women wished to be examined in reading. For ten years, there has been a standing promise,

known through all the congregations of our station, that any woman who should learn to read should have a nice cloth. These two women are the first to win the prize. Other women, gathered at the station and put under the discipline of the school, have learned to read ; but such were not deemed worthy of a cloth. Time would fail me to tell the pleasant things that happened during this examination. These women have been in the habit of carrying the little Gospel of John to the fields ; and, when their companions were lazily lounging, they have taken up their books.

“ I boiled my rice with one eye, and gave the other to the book,” says the elder, whose progress was a joyful surprise.

The woman with the yellow cloth probably thought I did not see her slip quietly behind us all. When the verse was slowly read, —

“ And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free,” I turned suddenly around to her, and said,—

“ This one little book is enough for that : they will teach you to read. Come with us, and we will do you good.”

“ Do you suppose I ever could learn ? ” she replied.

The sun has veiled himself a little. We must say last words and go homeward. As our by-road enters the highway, we overtake a large company of pilgrims from Rammisseram. They have brought the sacred waters of the Ganges to that famous temple by the sea, and are carrying the sacred waters of the great temple to their village shrines.

Would they but receive it, how fully the gospel would satisfy all their cravings !

“ Ho ! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.”

“ In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.”

CHINA.

LETTER FROM MISS ANDREWS.

WE are indebted to Mrs. Chapin for the following letter from Miss Andrews, dated Tung Cho, Dec. 15, 1870 : —

“I do believe, dear sister, that God is answering our prayers, and beginning to open the doors for work again. Of late, many little things encourage and make us glad. This week we have been to Sin Hsien Sheng’s house, whose younger brother is Miss Porter’s teacher. At her request, I called to inquire after his wife, who is quite sick. Day before yesterday we were sent for again, and I went with Mrs. Sheffield. A number of women and girls gathered, and I had a very interesting talk with them. They knew nothing about the gospel, listened earnestly, and invited us to come another time.

“Last Sabbath morning, I was surprised and made glad by the sight of an old friend, — my teacher’s sister-in-law, who seems just as much interested in the truth as ever : it is a delight to teach her, she listens so attentively. She says she has no idols in her home now, and that she prays every day. She will be here another Sabbath. Oh ! I hope this visit may do her a great deal of good.

WEN FEE.

“I have decided to commence weekly meetings in two places, where I am always welcome, and trust, that, as soon as I occupy these, God will open new doors.

“Mrs. Sheffield has told you of a visit from Wen Fee. I hope he is not so far from the Saviour as we have feared, and I feel more confidence that he will come back to us. The dear boy bears a burden for his brother, which I believe is doing him good. He grows dearer and dearer to me ; but oh ! I dread so

much the trial that will come to him only a year hence, when his time here is expired.

“The boys are all good, and give us very little anxiety. Mrs. Sheffield and I arranged to meet directly after Sunday school, to pray for our family, and especially for our two unconverted boys. We told the four Christian lads our purpose on Saturday evening, and invited them to join us if they wished. On Sabbath morning they all remained, and we had a precious season of prayer. I long to have our pupils bear burdens for souls, and to wrestle with God for them.

MRS. CHAU.

“I must tell you the sequel of Mrs. Chau’s visit here. She lingered day after day, reluctant to go away where she could hear no more of truth. She seemed to have set her whole heart on it, and wanted to be baptized. While she was with us, a note came from Miss Porter, asking if I thought she would do to take Li Ma’s place as matron of her school. She had sent Li Ma away. Mrs. Chau was delighted with the proposition, — said that God had given her this opportunity of living where she could hear his word daily, and she must accept it. She went home to make her arrangements, and will go to Miss Porter the last of the week. I believe God’s hand is in it.

KAU CHENG.

“One more little joy I must mention. As I sat here, busily writing, I heard Kau Cheng reading in the boys’ room. Something told me, — I think it was God’s Spirit, — that I ought to go out and see him. The impression was so strong that I put aside my writing and went. The boys were all in Mrs. Sheffield’s room; and he was alone, reading the catechism. I listened a few minutes, and then conversed with him about his personal duty to God. He says he wants to love the Saviour, but is afraid

he does not, and that he prays daily. We have been praying much for him lately, and I felt that God had begun to answer our requests. I felt reproved that I had so little faith for him ; for we all thought him utterly indifferent, and I was quite astonished at the manifestation of interest. Why should the answers to our prayers thus surprise us, if we really believe ?

CHAPEL COMFORTS.

“ We have been making some changes in the chapel. I have used part of the money sent me by our Sabbath school to make it a little more pleasant and comfortable, at least the women’s corner. I have had a board-floor laid over the stones in that part, covered well with dark felt, to be replaced by matting in the summer ; and had new seats made, which are a great improvement on the old, as they have backs. Yesterday, I told Wo Ma and Tsua Ma that I would purchase the material for simple cushions if they would make them.

“ There has been such a change in the manner of the people towards us, that I should much like to have a young lady as a companion in my work. I am always seeing, in imagination, little day-schools and prayer-meetings scattered all over the city.”

CEYLON.

LETTERS FROM MISS TOWNSEND.

IN a communication from Jaffna, Oct. 10, Miss Townsend speaks of important changes in her school. She says, —

“ With a new class of ten, our family this term consists of thirty girls, and the native matron in charge ; the largest we have ever had. We have now but three professed Christians in the school ; but others give evidence of having been born again. There is not so much general interest in personal salvation as in

past terms; but the Christian pupils are very earnest, and are a great help to me in caring for souls.

“A LAMB AMONG WOLVES.”

“The change which we deplore most is the sad sequel to ‘Anna’s praying in the mouth of the lion’s den.’ Before our term commenced, her father had returned home, but, from various pretexts, did not permit her to come to school. He attended meetings with her on the Sabbath; and she would run into my room for a few minutes after service, for sympathy and help in her trials. Dear child! how she wept as she said, ‘I have not one joy at home’! Her father, although a professing Christian, did not stand by her, but allowed her heathen relatives to persecute her. During this time her schoolmates remembered her daily at the throne of grace, always referring to her as, ‘Our sister who is crowned with the name of Jesus.’ One Friday morning we saw her coming down the walk to the schoolhouse, with a face radiant with delight. As soon as we were alone she said, ‘This is in answer to prayer.’ ‘But how did it come about?’ I asked. ‘We saw your father a few days ago, and he said you were not coming.’—‘I do not know, only that he gave me permission this morning, and I came as soon as I could.’ Her naturally amiable spirit, now refined by trials which caused her to lean closely upon God, was more lovely than ever. She was so graceful, modest, and gentle, a friend appropriately designated her as our violet.

“After having been here three weeks, she was called home one Monday morning to attend her sister’s wedding, which was to take place that day. We went away for the afternoon; and, when we returned near midnight, the first words we heard were, ‘Anna is married!’ It was as though a thunderbolt had fallen among us. By deceiving her with the idea that her sister was to be married, the arrangements were all made without exciting any suspicion on her part, until her mother and sisters took her,

and began to prepare her as the bride. She wept, begged, and entreated them not to do it. Her grief was so great, that the other women wept also. Still they dragged her through the tedious heathen marriage-ceremony, which made her the wife of one 'who loves the gods she loathes, and loathes the cross she loves.'

"With one consent, the school spent the following day in prayer. There was a more than Sabbath stillness through the house, conversation was hushed, and breath chiefly spent in earnest supplication. It was precious to learn during the exercises of the day, that Anna had recently committed to memory Isa. liv. 11-17, commencing, 'O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted!' Her home is near here, but she is allowed very little intercourse with us. I have been to see her; but she was closely watched, and she was so evidently wishing to say more than she dared, that the call was of little comfort to me. She is not allowed a Bible. When she first went home a Christian, some of her relatives said, 'We will turn you from this, if it costs us our life!' Her schoolmates continue faithful to her. During the four months since she left, I have heard some one or more of them pray daily, and mention is invariably made of 'our sister, who is a lamb among wolves.' Their petitions are very earnest, as, for instance, this: 'Lord, remember our sister who has fallen into a heathen den. Is she not thine own little lamb? For has she not made a covenant with thee? and has not thy seal been placed upon her head? She is wandering and alone; but is it not the lonely, straying lamb that thou dost leave the fold to seek?' We are all tried with this seeming triumph of Satan."

In a subsequent letter, dated Dec. 30, Miss Townsend writes,—

"I am just closing my third year of missionary life. It is a period that I love to look back upon, — so much of joy, so many blessings, so few trials. I feel quite sure there can be no happier person, nor any more blessed work than mine. During 1870,

six girls from the school have been added to the church. The Christians have grown in strength and stability of character, and manifest an increasing love for souls. The father and mother of one of the pupils, and the grandmother of another, have been led to the Saviour during the past year; and now these Christian girls of the school watch so earnestly and carefully over their sister schoolmates, that I feel I can safely trust them to look after their spiritual wants. It is but little, — except to caution and advise those who are engaged in laboring for Christ, — that I can do to bring the natives to become earnest, devoted Christians, compared with the influence of one of these warm-hearted young disciples, taught of the Spirit, among her own sex.

“I sometimes feel like saying, ‘Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord’ — not as he comes in the smoke and noise of battle, but as he comes to dwell in the humble, contrite heart.”

STRANGE CUSTOMS.

WE are permitted to make the following extracts from a recent letter from Mrs. De Reinier : —

“One night we heard a great noise of wailing and crying, after the manner of Tamil mourning for the dead. ‘Who is dead?’ I said to my Ayah. ‘Not dead, but the rain,’ she replied in her broken English. ‘Rain not come, so people make a Kare-duni-far-nee.’ — ‘What is that?’ I asked. ‘Why, take mud, make it wet, put it in the shape of a woman, — bad woman, very bad woman, — rain can’t come. Then put on cloth like a dead woman — put her in a bandy [carriage], carry round the streets, people cry like as for dead woman, tear hair, beat drums, cry, “This wicked woman is dead, now gods send rain, send rain.”’” Such was her account of the confusion. It proved true: not only that night, but other nights, the mud dead woman was carried, and the gods implored to send rain, now the great sinner who had incensed the wrath of the gods was dead. One night, after

all this howling and drumming, and tearing of hair, rain did pour down in perfect torrents. I have no doubt many of the common people thought there was a close connection between the 'Kare-dum-far-nee' and the rain. Those sharp old Brahmins no doubt took good note of the coming clouds, and seized the opportunity to trot out their show.

"We see curious doings here sometimes, — shocking things. Only last Sunday, to use Edward's expression, 'I saw a woman going to her own funeral.' I had been out making visits among the heathen people; and a little distance from home, just as I reached the main road, I met a funeral cortege. The people think it is bad luck to meet a funeral, so they beat drums to let it be known that it is coming: then those in the road can turn aside, and not meet bad luck. Well, this procession was composed of at least a dozen men drumming and blowing trumpets, followed by others bearing lighted torches. Then came the bier, made with a dome-shaped canopy of red and white cloth, surmounted with a bunch of bright-colored flowers, and trimmed with plenty of gay streamers. Under the canopy, the dead woman sat upright, — a nice-looking old person too. On her head she wore a crown-like cap of gay material, was decked with red and white cloth, and her hands being folded over a sort of sceptre gave her quite a royal appearance. I must say I was not a little startled to meet a dead woman, sitting up and arrayed in this way. However, when I looked at her, she did not really appear as horrible as you might imagine. Indeed, as her eyes were closed, she looked very pleasantly; but the idea of such mockery, making a parade of a poor lifeless body! My feelings were not improved by having the whole company, perhaps seventy-five men, stop, and begin to exhibit for my special benefit. I shook my head and hand for them to go on; but my disgust must have appeared in my face, for some of the men seemed wonderfully pleased, and laughed as they started off."

TURKEY.

JOURNAL OF MISS POWERS.

MISS POWERS, in her journal, gives a very interesting account of the meetings she holds with the women, and of the habits of the people among whom she labors. Our limits permit us only to make brief extracts : —

“ Oct. 24. — At Goghoun Olook, twelve women and girls came in the evening ; some bringing babies, and others the raw cotton which they were preparing for spinning. The first object of interest was a sock which I was seaming. There were of course the usual questions, ‘ Why don’t you get married ? ’ ‘ How many brothers and sisters have you ? ’ &c. A priest’s widow asked why I did not wear a fez with gold ornaments. She also judged from my complexion that I never went out. As I took the sock from the latest comer, the priest’s widow said, ‘ Don’t work, my daughter : it is not suitable for you.’ I was glad of the opportunity to dispel the notion some have, that we are above work, and lead a life of elegant idleness. I read Matt. xi. 29–31, the old woman alluded to acting as chief spokesman ; and afterwards I read John xiv. 12. At the close of each passage they manifested their gratitude by such expressions as, ‘ Health to your hand ! ’ ‘ Health to your tongue ! ’ ‘ May God increase your mind (or wisdom), my mother ! ’ They have a peculiar way of using the words father and mother, when they wish to address a person respectfully, or even to coax a child. I was much amused, the first time I remember hearing it, when, stopping for the night among Turcoman tents, our servant started up a little boy with, ‘ Run along, my father, and show us the sheikh’s tent.’ One poor woman said, ‘ We are crushed with poverty ; but the children must be fed, and we lose patience, and get angry at those who injure us, and swear ; and what can we do ? ’ ” Then I began to tell them some

of my troubles and struggles ; and they looked at each other in astonishment, and exclaimed, ‘ Why, she knows all about it ! ’ The priest’s widow seemed to know the way ; and I found she was satisfied with mere knowledge : but at the close she broke down, exclaiming, ‘ O this dreadful world ! Would that I had never been born ! O that dreadful hell ! ’ It was a solemn moment : I scarcely dared to speak, and yet I feared to remain silent. May God bless the poor words I uttered in weakness and trembling ! I slept little that night, for thinking of my own blessed experience, and contrasting it with these poor souls groping in darkness.

“ Jan. 1, 1871. — I stopped the women after service, urging them to begin the new year prayerfully. The next week thirty-five attended meeting, and we had a very pleasant season. An elderly woman asked prayers for herself. It is encouraging to see any consciousness of need, they generally are so well satisfied with themselves. Another church-member, who is outwardly cold and stern, listened very attentively, fixing her eyes upon mine, except when her head drooped to hide the tears.

“ As my father was at Antioch this week, I gave the female teachers their Sabbath-school lessons, and had a very pleasant talk and season of prayer with two of them. One was a young bride, who told me some things of interest about her husband’s sister Yeghisa (Eliza). Here, when a man marries, he takes his wife into the family ; and frequently the hardest service falls upon her. One night, as Karone was retiring, Yeghisa came and said, ‘ Don’t go yet : let’s have a prayer. You forgot it last night.’ So they prayed, and then talked of spiritual things till Karone’s husband came in. His sister said, ‘ You have interrupted us.’ ‘ Well,’ said he, ‘ I’ll go back till you finish.’ Karone fasted early in the week of prayer ; and Yeghisa, seeing it, asked if she had not better fast too. Both Karone and her husband told her it was not commanded ; and in the act itself there was no virtue ; but if she felt that she could pray better,

and draw nearer to God for it, it would be well to do so. So she fasted three days during the week. Karone's husband has a cousin living the other side of the wooden partition. He was a Protestant once, but turned back, and has been so bitter in his opposition, that, when his wife sat near the partition to hear the other family when they read the Bible, he would order her away. Lately he has relented, and has permitted her to come in when the word of God is read ; and she listens very attentively.

"I long to reach the hearts of these poor women ; but the dear Saviour can help them better."

LETTER FROM MISS SEYMOUR.

WE are indebted to Miss Seymour of Harpoot for the account of Elmas, and the translation of her letter: —

"Elmas learned to read two winters ago from a Bible-woman, who had been our pupil, and then made application to enter our school. As we have to be very cautious whom we admit, her request was denied for some time. But she persevered, and said to me one day, 'I know it will be all right. If the Lord wants me to come to the Seminary, he can turn the hearts of the missionaries to receive me: if it is not his will, I do not wish to go.'

"Her earnestness, perseverance, and faith led us to grant her request, when a new difficulty arose. Though her family is wealthy, she feared that she might not be able to raise the required amount of money for entering the school. She came to me in great perplexity, thinking that it was an impossible thing. I told her, that, in answer to prayer, the Lord had inclined our hearts to take her ; and now she must look to him to furnish her the needed money. I told her while she was going home, she must keep lifting her heart all the way, that the Lord would teach her the means to use to obtain what she wanted. In the evening she came with the money, a beaming face, and happy

heart, having learned a lesson in faith that day. She entered when school opened last spring, and we have never had the least fault to find with her. She is a laborious, conscientious, and persevering scholar. Since school closed, she has been visiting from house to house in her neighborhood, persuading the women to learn to read, and giving lessons to those who will take them. She goes to the school for little girls, and takes a lesson, so anxious is she to get along in her studies. Teaching the women is a labor of love; for she receives no compensation. I know she has much to try her. She was telling me this morning, that, under continued provocation for weeks, she was enabled to keep her temper. She said she prayed especially for patience; but one evening, when she had gone to her own little room, and had seated herself to read the Bible by the light of a wax-candle, a woman came in, and reproached her for wasting candles in that way. Then she said she was very angry, and put out the light, and sat in the dark; but she was very much distressed afterward on account of it.

“We go over every Thursday to her quarter of the city to hold meetings with the women in the chapel. Elmas is always ready to welcome us. She takes two heavy steel bars, which we use instead of a bell, and goes up to the roof of the house, and strikes them to call the women together. Then she sends the little girls (the girls’ school is in the chapel) hither and thither to call their mothers. We often feel that we are greatly indebted to Elmas’ efficiency for the good audiences we have.”

ELMAS’ LETTER.

MY BELOVED SISTER IN CHRIST, — Though you with the eye I have not seen, about you I have heard. Thankful am I to you, that, by spending money, to this school you have brought me. If about this school you inquire, great progress it makes. You also make prayer that still more it go forward. If you ask about the number of the scholars, both women and girls are

thirty-four. If you wish to understand about my coming here, it seemed a very impossible thing ; for my husband is not with me. While I went to the Protestant chapel, much he quarrelled with me ; and he said, " If I go not, neither must you." And one day, when we had both gone to my native place, he said, " I will be divorced from you if you go to the Protestant chapel : I will cast you off, and go to Constantinople." Then my brothers and sisters said, " He is your husband : go not there." I then gave my word that again I would not go. A few days it remained so. In our house is a relative that is a Protestant. Always he was saying to me, " Why do you not go to the chapel ?" I said, " If it was only my husband's brother who hindered me, I would go ; but, as it is my husband, how can I go ?" The Lord is able to guide.

One Sabbath-day, when I was going to the Armenian church, I passed the chapel-door, and looked in. I saw that my husband was seated there. I also went in. After that, about my going he said not a thing. It happened that he was going to Constantinople ; and I said, " You go to Constantinople, I will go to school." My husband asked, " To what school will you go ?" I answered, " To the Armenian school." He said, " If you wish to go to school, go to the Protestant Seminary." After he went, carelessness came over me about going to school. While my husband was on the journey, three letters he sent to me : in all three was written, " Go to school." Then my feelings being moved, I said, " Undoubtedly this is from the Lord." Then I sent to the missionaries, that they receive me to the school ; but they received me not. Then I said, " I can go myself." I went ; but, by my talking, they received me not ; and I cast my care on the Lord. Constantly I made prayer ; and I said, " This is God's will." A Protestant sister counselled me, " If the missionaries receive you not, go not to school in another place." But the Lord guided me to this Seminary.

My sister, I am weak. I entreat you to make prayer for me ;

and that the Lord by his Holy Spirit guide my husband, who is in a strange place, that he turn his heart to himself, that he be not a hinderance to me. I also for you make prayer, that the Lord carry forward this work. It is necessary for every one of us to make prayer for all the deathless souls in the world, that the Lord send, by his Holy Spirit, help. My beloved sister, this I also entreat, — that our teachers, having left their fatherland, and having come to such as us miserable, ignorant ones, to teach us Christ's holy words, that the Lord by his Holy Spirit comfort them as much as we cause them trouble.

ELMAS TORMASIAN,

Diamond, the wife of Thomas.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM MISS WOOD.

MISS SARAH L. WOOD sailed from New York Oct. 12, to join Miss Powers at Kessab.

In a letter dated January, 1871, she gives a thrilling account of a sad catastrophe at a wedding, and of her joy in being able to afford some relief: —

“Eight weeks since I came to Kessab on a mule, and to-day have been able to do something for this strange people. Saturday night, preparations were commenced for an Armenian wedding in a neighboring village. The custom is to have a great feast among the friends the night before. ‘Boulgour’ is made, in large quantities, by boiling meat and wheat together for a long time. The house was composed of four mud walls, with a flat roof. Under a portion of the lower floor they kept cows, goats, a donkey and horse. The floor was made by putting a few sticks of timber across, then branches of trees with the leaves on, and a few inches of dirt. In this room the family lived. At the time there was a kettle, holding nearly a barrel of water, over the fire, in which was the meat. All the bridegroom's friends go to the feasting. About fifty had come, when suddenly the floor gave way, and precipitated

nearly one half of the people, mingling fire, water, human beings, and animals, in one mass. Many were dreadfully burned. Word was brought to us as soon as it was light in the morning. Mr. Thayer went, and found all ages had been injured, — from two months to seventy years of age. Five died that day, and he thought there were six more that could not live. This morning I accompanied him on his visit to them; and I never witnessed such a scene. In a house having only one room, with a stone floor, no window, a little hole one side for the fire, — the smoke to find its way out as best it could, — were ten persons. Upon what they called a bed, but which was in reality only rags, lay a man who had been burned from head to foot, literally, — not a place larger than my two hands where the skin was not off, and his stomach and chest were cooked. It seemed more than humanity could survive; yet he was perfectly conscious, and bore all without a groan. He lay within ten inches of the fire and smoke, for back of him were two children and a man. Two had already died from this family. At first, it seemed as though nothing could be done; but Mr. Thayer commenced, and I assisted him, thankful to be able to do any thing that did not require words. Next we visited an old woman and a little girl badly burnt: the old lady may live. In an adjoining house was a child, who was supposed to be dead on Sunday. Her coffin was made, and grave dug, yet she still lives. It has been the most sad yet most satisfactory day I have spent. On our next visit it will be much worse to attend them; for the flesh will begin to fall off, and in some cases it looks as if the bones would almost be bare. You can have no idea of the poverty of this people; yet they are kind and affectionate, and ready to do all they can.”

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM MISS BUSH.

MISS CARRIE BUSH has taken the place in the Harpoot Female Seminary made vacant by the death of Miss Warfield. We

have been cheered by the reception of several letters from her, quotations from which we give below : —

“ We arrived in Harpoot Aug. 27, three months, lacking one day, from the time we left New York. I cannot express the gratitude and joy I felt on reaching ‘home,’ the way had seemed so long, and my welcome was so cordial and home-like. I have now had five weeks in which to look about, and see something of the work, and make a beginning in the great task before me, — of learning the language. I trust I have made a little progress in the latter ; and my insight into the former has made me more than ever glad that God has brought me to this field. The missionaries are thoroughly in earnest, and so truly consecrated to their work, that the good seed is continually bearing fruit.

“ The girls in the schools are, many of them, bright and intelligent ; and I long for the time to come in which I shall be able to answer their kind looks with kind words. I have two pupils in arithmetic, with whom I commenced week before last. We have already made some progress.

“ You were aware that I knew and loved Miss Seymour before I came to Harpoot : this has been of great advantage and comfort to us. We are very happy, and not for a moment have I regretted my consecration to this grand work, though my utter unworthiness has become more than ever apparent ; and my heart, too, strays towards home, at times, with inexpressible longing. It is my desire to consecrate myself anew, to be and to do whatever God wills, that he may be glorified in me.”

In a letter written on Dec. 10, Miss Bush gives a very interesting account of the examination of the Harpoot Seminary. She says, —

“ There were seventeen girls and seventeen women in school when it closed. I never was so much interested in an examination in America, though I could understand but little of what

was said. The large schoolroom was well filled ; the teachers and missionaries near the desk on one side, and sitting *à la Turk* on the floor on the other side, were the women who were guests. The girls took the same humble position at one end of the room ; and at the other, on chairs, were the theological students, elders of the church, and fathers of the girls, leaving a space in the centre for the classes. A singing-class, taught by Mrs. Dr. Raynolds, was a new feature in the examination. Miss Seymour's Bible-class in Acts gave all the headings to the chapters with great facility, and a perfect history of Paul's travels, pointing out the places on the map. The missionaries made the exercises lively by sharp questionings ; and I can assure you it was a most interesting sight to a new-comer.

"The girls and women are now at work in the out-stations, and need your prayers that they may prove faithful."

Dec. 16, she wrote, —

"I long to have my tongue loosed, that I may be able to tell some poor sinners the way of life. Yesterday, I went with Mrs. Dr. Raynolds to the other side of the city to attend two women's meetings. We were obliged to have a man accompany us, lest we should be stoned, or otherwise insulted, and also went closely veiled, as is the custom among the women here. My heart almost stood still sometimes, as my sure-footed little mule slipped along over the stones, or jumped down over the declivities in the road ; but we passed all safely.

"There were eighteen women at each meeting, and quite a number of children. We sang with them ; and Mrs. Raynolds, after prayer, read the parable of the prodigal son, and plead with them to come to Christ. As I looked at these poor ignorant women, listening so intently, some even with tearful eyes, my heart went out towards them with love. I thought of the comforts I enjoy, and said to myself ' Poor souls, it is indeed true of you, that you have nothing if you have not Christ ! ' "

Hasten ! Hasten !!

ORIGINAL HYMN.

HARK ! a voice from India, crying,
 From the islands of the sea ;
 China's crowded millions dying !
 Afric's daughters call to thee,
 " Come and help us,
 Bring the glad salvation free."

Christian, dost thou heed their voices ?
 Shall they cry to thee in vain ?
 Thou, whose heart in Christ rejoices,
 Tell them of a Saviour slain !
 Leave thy kindred !
 Earthly loss is heavenly gain.

Hasten ! — point them to the fountain
 Jesus' blood hath furnished free ;
 Guide their feet to Calvary's mountain,
 Where he hung upon the tree,
 Bleeding, dying,
 Suffering sin's dread penalty.

Death delays not his commission ;
 Hundreds now yield to his sway ;
 Speed thee, Christian, on thy mission !
 Haste, thy Master's call obey !
 " Preach my gospel,
 Show the world Life's narrow way ! "

Though affection's tie doth bind thee,
 Canst thou not the cord extend ?
 Ease and pleasure leave behind thee ?
 Prove thyself the heathen's friend ?
 Hear th' assurance, —
 " Lo ! I'm with you to the end."

Hasten, then, to India's mountains,
 To the islands' coral shore !
 Speed thy course to Afric's fountains,
 Enter China's open door !
 Oh, delay not !
 Life's short day will soon be o'er.

Our Work at Home.

APRIL MEETING.

A PUBLIC meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions was held in Old South Chapel, Tuesday, April 4, Mrs. Bowker presiding.

After devotional exercises, reports of Recording Secretary, Treasurer, and Corresponding Secretary, were presented, giving a cheering view of the various departments of our work.

Miss Abbie Child, Home Secretary, reported "an encouraging increase of interest in our Board in our own land during the last three months. Auxiliaries have been springing up here and there, from the good seed sown by the Spirit at our annual meeting, and through our publications. We have been called to step over the northern boundary-line of our country, to give a cordial welcome to an auxiliary just formed in Montreal, from whose future we hope for great results. Miss Child gave extracts from correspondence, which showed that they had entered systematically upon the work, with the hope of awakening an interest which should lead to the formation of Branch Societies throughout the Provinces; and further remarked, "that we have been very happy also to extend the hand of sympathy across the continent to San Francisco, where a society has been formed in connection with ours, which we trust will prove to be a grand beacon-light on one of the great highways which lead from the good old Missionary House in Boston to a large part of the heathen world now open to the gospel. Thus the two extremes of the land are brought together in sympathy for the cause and love for the common Master."

Mrs. L. E. Caswell, formerly Miss Hattie Clarke, of the Seneca Mission, made an impressive address, which was listened to with the deepest interest. She gave some very interesting incidents connected with her missionary experience, exhibiting the transforming power of the gospel upon the whole outward life, remarking, that "when this mighty Christian love gets into their hearts, the heathen women become truly womanly and gentle; a desire takes possession of them for better things, the good influence works from within, outwardly, and first the person, and then the premises, give evidence of the entrance of the blessed light." In a sweet, rich voice she sang in the Indian tongue a hymn, which, with the tune, was the composition of a convert; but, by way of contrast, preceded it by one of the wild native airs, showing how the subduing influence of Christianity mellows even the utterances of song.

The meeting was one of great interest, and was adjourned to April 11.

MRS. J. A. COPP, *Rec. Sec.*

OUR PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

THE first Annual Meeting of the Philadelphia Branch of W. B. M. was held in Philadelphia, with the Ladies of Mr. Hawes's church, April 4 and 5.

The Branch has seven auxiliaries, all of which were represented by one or more delegates; also several Children's Societies. On Tuesday afternoon about one hundred ladies were assembled, and received cordial greeting from Mrs. Burdett Hart, President, who commenced by saying, "We give you our salaams, and pour our peace upon you, and beg you to continue with us."

Mrs. Shelton, a returned missionary, offered a delightful opening

prayer. The Secretary's and Treasurer's reports gave very cheering and promising accounts of the Society; representing it as having four or five hundred members, twenty-two life members, with \$969.26 in treasury.

The reports from the seven auxiliaries, given by the delegates, breathed a spirit of loving activity and co-operation in the work. Just here the Society were happy to receive the salutations of the Parent Society W. B. M., through their delegate, Miss Borden.

The evening service — a public meeting — was largely attended, and addressed by Mr. Hawes, Mr. Parmalee from Turkey, and Gen. Howard.

The morning session, April 5, was a season of earnest work and sweet communing. The support of Miss Proctor, and her school at Aintab, was assumed.

Several returned missionary ladies gave the blessed experience of their part in this work, of being co-laborers with Christ in saving souls, in the dark lands. The members of the Society expressed a strong purpose for effort to increase its power and influence, by having new auxiliaries formed in many other places. Then came the precious communings of Christian love which bind our hearts together so strongly in this work, heart beating to heart, and voice responding to voice, until a flame was kindled which I am sure will extend to Turkey and China and Africa and to the Islands of the Sea.

CARRIE BORDEN, *Delegate.*

“THANK GOD AND TAKE COURAGE.”

BRIGHT, hopeful, encouraging letters come to your Treasurer oftentimes, and seem like the rays of the morning to dispel the clouds and mists of anxiety and distrust, giving sweet assurances of the glory to be revealed.

Here is one enclosing ten dollars, the last earnings of a sister who had belonged to a little praying circle, contributing each a penny a week to the W. B. M. Who can predict the results of this weekly prayer-meeting? Many letters also report faithful teachers who have interested their schools or S. S. classes in the cause of missions, and have assumed the support of Bible-readers or pupils in our schools. As they pray for the subjects of their adoption, will not their young hearts become increasingly engaged in this blessed service? We are glad to find a livelier interest among the young in our Sunday schools; for we hope in them will be trained many competent reapers for the whitening fields in heathen lands.

The smile and blessing of the aged, too, awakens a confidence which only experience can inspire. This in so many instances has been given us, that we gratefully record the loving faithfulness of God in thus cheering us with the prayers and testimonies of the saints. One writes, "It does rejoice my heart to know that my dear sisters are praying and giving to the W. B. M."

A daughter sends a contribution in the name and behalf of her mother, just deceased. The aged saint thus by her dying act would urge us to be faithful.

A clergyman, in a letter enclosing one dollar from a poor washerwoman, who handed it to him "to help send the gospel to the poor heathen," adds, "My dear wife, the Master has called up higher; but I know if she were now here, she would gladly add her mite, so I send you a little I find in her purse at the present time."

A telegram reaches one of our members that a granddaughter is born. She sends twenty-five dollars as a thank-offering for the life spared and given, and a dollar to constitute the little one of four hours old a member of the W. B. M. We will call her our Morning-glory.

Receipts from Jan. 1, to April 1, \$12,501.35.

L. F. B.



WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE
INTERIOR.

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MOST of the letters from abroad received by the secretaries of the W. B. M. I., during the last quarter, have come from ladies who are just entering upon their work, whose principal occupation at present is the acquisition of the language of the people among whom they dwell.

The record, therefore, is chiefly one of first impressions; but we trust that it will not on that account be wanting in interest for our readers.

From these young friends, as from those who have been longer in the field, comes the same earnest entreaty for constant remem-

brance in the prayers of Christians at home. They have gone into these dark lands as representatives of the churches; and we cannot doubt that *we* have it in our power, by our cordial co-operation with them in prayer and sympathy, as well as by cheerful giving, greatly to multiply their successes, and hasten the accomplishment of their work.

Shall we be indifferent to their plea, or thoughtlessly withhold that which is so closely connected in God's Word and Providence with the highest efficiency of every other instrumentality?

By the transfer of the mission to Persia to the Presbyterian Board, we are called to part with one of the most loved and efficient of our band of helpers, Miss N. J. Dean of Orooniah. We regret the sundering of ties which have bound us in close relationship; yet we look hopefully for the result of this and similar changes in the more rapid development of missionary zeal in this country, while the kindred societies will be more closely united by the common interest felt in those with whom we have had the privilege of being co-laborers.

CHINA.

LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MISSIONARY.

"MY school commenced ten days ago with only twelve pupils; but these were more than I expected, as five left at the close of the last term.

"I AM A CHRISTIAN."

"The one whose going I most regret was baptized last spring, and is, I believe, a true follower of Christ. She came to me fifteen months ago, scarcely knowing a character: now she can read well, and has improved in every respect.

"The old grandmother, who agreed to allow her to remain here two years, seems very sorry that she has been taken away: but

other relatives from out of town came here ; and, when they found she was with foreigners, they were very angry, and insisted upon taking her home with them. They have betrothed her to a heathen, and she is to be married soon. Just before she left the city, a parting feast was given by her uncle, and offerings were presented to the household gods. She quietly refused to have any thing to do with the festivities ; saying, ‘ I am a Christian. I cannot eat that which has been offered to idols.’ I am sure she never had any special advice on the subject. She may have remembered Paul’s words ; but I believe it was less a matter of obedience to any direct command, than the instinctive desire of the loving heart in all things to honor its Lord.

“ Will you not pray for this child of my love and prayers, the first of my girls who came to Christ after I knew them ?

“ My heart is sad when I think of her being so suddenly taken from our care ; but I believe God will ‘ keep that which I have committed to him against that day,’ and I love to think what she may do in her heathen home among her companions.

POVERTY.

“ I went one day to ascertain why one of my little girls did not return, and found the whole family — father, mother, and four children — almost literally without clothing. The child’s garments were all pawned, and I fear the money has gone for opium.

“ You hardly know what poverty means. When I came home that day, its comforts oppressed me ; and I could understand how men have thought literal obedience to the Saviour’s command, ‘ Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor,’ a duty and a privilege.”

LETTER FROM MISS DIAMENT.

Miss Diamant is located at Kalgan, a large town on the northern boundary of China, in the midst of a mountainous re-

gion. Writing Dec. 12, she speaks thus of her new home and of some of the customs of the people : —

“There was a feeling among my friends at home that missionaries in China have to endure no hardships, but lead an easy and luxurious life. This may be true in regard to missions in the southern part of the country, where the debilitating climate forbids much activity, where well-trained servants can easily be secured, and luxuries are right at hand and very cheap. Here, however, the case is different. We are troubled with inefficient servants as much as friends at home.

“The climate, too, is very cold, much more severe than I have been accustomed to in years past, and therefore admits of much active exercise. It is a marvel to me how the Chinese live in their mud huts, with brick floors, and but just enough fire to cook with. They depend chiefly upon their clothing for warmth ; wearing thickly-wadded garments, and many of them. The children look like pin-cushions. They have no bedsteads, but sleep on raised platforms of masonry, called ‘kangs.’ On these kang they sit by day, where they are warmed a little by the fire used in cooking. At night a fire is built under them, which makes them rather comfortable for a few hours.

“We are very thankful for spared lives and comparative safety this winter. We cannot tell what the spring will bring, — whether war or peace ; but trust, that, whatever comes to us, the great cause will be advanced in God’s own wise way.”

TURKEY.

LETTER FROM MISS MALTBIE.

THE following extracts from a letter from Miss Maltbie will have a special interest for those who have sympathized with her in the trial that has overshadowed the very beginning of her missionary life. The letter announces her arrival at Constanti-

nople early in November, and states her first impressions of that city : —

“ We arrived too early in the morning to get the famous view of Constantinople from the Bosphorus at sunrise ; yet from the harbor, the great city, with its numerous mosques, minarets, and palaces, looked very beautiful. The bright vision has been somewhat dimmed since, as I have made my way through the narrow, filthy streets, with the motley crowd swaying to and fro. Almost every step of advance must be contested with heavily-laden donkeys, men equally burdened, horses, oxen, carts, smoking Turks, richly-dressed ladies, or, worst of all, snarling dogs. The confusion in these streets is often alarming, but people here seem used to it.”

Two days later she received tidings of the death of Miss Norcross, and adds, “ The intelligence came with crushing power. I did not know how much I had even already learned to love her, and to expect from her society and help while preparing for my work in Eski Zagra. How can I go to that saddened, weakened band ? I greatly feel my need of divine strength, of a deep, abiding baptism of the Holy Ghost.”

LETTER FROM MISS BEACH.

MISS BEACH, in a letter dated Jan. 13, announces the arrival of Miss Maltbie at Eski Zagra, Dec. 1. In reference to the state of religious feeling in the school there she says, —

“ We feel that the Spirit is with us. Some of our girls seem thoughtful, and we trust are earnestly seeking the Saviour. Pray that the fulness of the blessing may come upon us, that, as Miss Norcross prayed when dying, “ all may become Christ’s.”

ROMAN CATHOLIC ENLIGHTENED.

“ One of our pupils has been until recently connected with a Roman-Catholic school at Salonica, having been placed there by her parents when but six years of age. Last year she was

sent to us. She is a girl of very candid mind, and has been carefully weighing the difference between our teachings and those of her former instructors.

“Yesterday Mrs. Haskell sent up to her the letters of Dr. King in French. Last evening she joyfully declared, that, for the first time, the fact that the blood of Jesus is all-sufficient for our salvation really dawned upon her mind. She had heard it before, but never took it into her soul as now. She said, ‘After all, I have clung to the idea that the holy saints, and especially the Virgin Mary, have much to do with our salvation.’ Now she seems to be enlightened by the Spirit. • We trust she may be thoroughly renewed in heart, and become a light unto her people.”

FIRST DAY OF MISS VAN DUZEE’S TOUR.

MISS VAN DUZEE, writing from Erzroom, March 14, gives an interesting account of a ten days’ tour made with Mr. Cole. Speaking of preparation she says, —

“I was dressed in a short water-proof, coming only to the tops of my shoes, which were two numbers too large, in order to allow room for lamb-skin socks, with the wool on, besides my stockings, heavy fur leggings, a wadded red flannel garibaldi, a long sacque lined with fur, a fur jockey, a gentleman’s fur collar, and huge fur mittens. For my bed I carried a hammock, comforter, pillow, and sheet; also an extra sheet with which to curtain off a little space at night, for all must occupy one room.

“We were accompanied by a native man named Melcone to help preach, and a Kevork to see to our horses. The morning we left was clear and beautiful, and the roads excellent, so that we often galloped.

“We crossed a low range of mountains, and came out on a fine plain, dotted here and there with villages. There are no scattering farm-houses in Turkey, for the people are afraid of

the Koordish robbers who infest the country. All the farming is done by people collected in villages.

“Just before dark, we reached the one where we were to spend the night, and were sent from one house to another, until we had gone over a great part of the village, before we found a place where they would receive us. Our dining-room, bedroom, &c., was a corner of a stable, separated from the animals by a low railing. On the dirt-floor a few mats were spread. A fire was built in the fireplace, but the chief heat was from the animals. The only window was a little hole about eight inches in diameter. The people brought us some food, and after that the men gathered to smoke and talk; and Mr. Cole and Melcone preached to them, and tried to sell them some books. While they were at work here, I went into the ‘doon’ to find the women. The doon is a large room with an open skylight, which lets the smoke out, and the snow and cold in. Under it is a large hole in the ground, where they build the fire, and over which their cooking is done. After the fire is out, they sit around the edge of this hole, and hang their feet in, spreading an apron or old cloth over their laps to prevent the escape of the heat; and this is all the warmth they know besides that of the stables. Of course, a whole family cannot put their feet into this hole at once, and so they change places with each other. In the doon, that evening, I found four or five women, and began to read to them and tell them of Jesus, when in came several saucy boys and interrupted me.”

AFRICA.

LETTER FROM MISS DAY.

MISS LAURA A. DAY sailed from New York July 6, with Mr. and Mrs. Wilder, who were then returning to their field of labor among the Zulus, in South Africa. Their voyage was remarkably favorable; and having spent a week in Loudon, and

ten days at Cape Town, they arrived at Natal Sept. 17. She writes, —

“On the 20th, Mr. and Mrs. Rood, with Mrs. Wilder and myself, started for Amanzimtote in a covered wagon, drawn by ten oxen. While yet several miles from that place, we met Mr. Ireland on horseback, and, a little farther on, his wife and three little ones in a wagon, who had come to welcome us.

“I was delighted with what I saw at their station, and surprised at the progress which the boys had made, especially in arithmetic, algebra, and writing.”

A HEARTY WELCOME.

“We spent a week with them very pleasantly. While we were there, twelve men came from Umtwalumi, — Mr. Wilder’s former station, — having walked the whole distance, fifty miles, to greet their old teachers. Five miles from the station we found seventy or more, — men, women, and children, — some of them almost beside themselves with joy ; while a still larger company gathered at the end of our journey. Some of the women formerly opposed to the truth, said to Mrs. Wilder, ‘Now we are ready to receive the good news.’ On the Sabbath, the chapel was filled to overflowing, and all listened attentively.

DAILY DUTIES.

“At present I am in the family of Mr. Robbins, at Umzumbi, where I have favorable opportunities for study under Mr. Robbins’s direction. My time is spent chiefly in learning the language, and trying to talk a little with the natives. For a few days I have been assisting in teaching from six to seven in the morning, and from seven to eight in the evening.

VISIT TO A NATIVE KRAAL.

“A short time ago I visited with Mr. Robbins a native kraal, and went into two of the huts through doors about two feet high, perhaps less. If I had not remembered Mrs. Lloyd’s experience in entering a hut for the first time, I fear I should have met

with similar difficulty. As it was, my entrance and exit were quite successfully performed, though evidently to the amusement of the natives.”

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

NEBRASKA.

REV. MR. RIGGS, in whose school among the Dakotas Miss La Fromboise is employed as an assistant, gives an amusing account of their efforts to introduce into their school the custom of wearing hoods. Through the kindness of friends, and the labor of missionary ladies, twenty or more were presented to the young women on Christmas Eve. He says, —

“I do not know whether you can realize the great step it is for these young women to take when they throw back the shawl from the head, and don a hood or hat. So far as grace is concerned, it is no improvement ; but it is a sign of progress, and a breaking away from old Indian habits. There is also need in some way to break up a cringing shame-facedness on the part of the young women, which springs from the old heathen degradation of woman. If they can no longer skulk behind their shawls, half the battle will be won.

“A few wore the hoods to church the next day ; but every one was missing in school the day after. I talked and entreated, and then threatened. I had places for the hoods to be hung on one side of the schoolroom ; and I told the girls that no one who had a hood should come to school without it, or neglect to hang it in the proper place.

“As I stood at the schoolroom door the next morning, hoods peeped out from under the shawls on some ; while on others the only token visible was the ribbon-tie under the chin. I challenged several ; and the hood was drawn out from under the arm, and a few were sent home for theirs. I actually counted nine hoods in church last Sabbath, worn in plain sight. So there’s hope.”

Home Department.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

THE month of March has been a time of special interest to the churches of Chicago and vicinity in connection with the missionary work. We have enjoyed the presence and listened to the stirring words of Rev. Mr. Coan of the Sandwich Islands, Rev. Mr. Schaufler of Constantinople, Rev. Mr. Clark of European Turkey, and Rev. Mr. Chapin of China. Rev. Mr. Greene, too, of the mission to Turkey, who has spent the last two years in this country on account of his health, has recently passed through the city, returning to his field of labor.

Mrs. Chapin, Mrs. Clarke, and Mrs. Greene have left the impress of their own warm, earnest spirits upon many hearts, and awakened a zeal for woman's agency in this great enterprise, which we trust will not soon die out.

It has been our privilege, too, within a few weeks, to welcome to the number of our missionary sisters, Miss Jennie E. Chapin, a member of the New-England Church, Chicago. She sails May 1 from San Francisco, in company with Rev. L. D. Chapin and his family, who return at that time to Tung Cho.

The best wishes and watchful interest of a large circle of friends will follow Miss Chapin to her chosen work. Her experience as a devoted and successful teacher for several years, during which she has won the respect and affection of those coming under her influence, eminently fits her for her new position.

The fact, that several other young ladies are now weighing the question of their own personal duty in reference to the foreign work, may serve to strengthen the faith of some, and stimulate to

more entire consecration and more earnest prayer. If God calls them to leave all for him, are we ready to give them our cheerful support, and in all sincerity to bid them God-speed ?

IMPORTANT RESOLUTION.

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the W. B. M. I., the following resolution, presented by Mrs. J. W. Hough, of Jackson, Mich., was unanimously adopted : —

Voted, That the President and Secretaries be a committee, to invite some resident pastor in each of the interior States to present the woman's missionary work to his State association at its next meeting, and to secure a recommendation that each of the pastors present the subject to his people in such way as shall seem to him best.

It is hoped that by this method our work may be brought more directly before the churches, and secure their more general co-operation.

Seventeen new auxiliaries have reported during the last quarter ; and many of those connected with us in months past, speak of an encouraging increase in numbers and interest, as well as in the amount of their contributions.

A THANK-OFFERING.

THE following letter, in its distinct recognition of God's agency, and tender expression of maternal love and care, has a peculiar charm : —

Enclosing ten dollars to the treasurer of the W. B. M. I., a friend says, " Let me tell you the story of this, to show how God provides for his own work.

“When my little boy was born last November, my heart was so filled with gratitude for the mercies of my lot compared with that of the heathen mothers of whom Mrs. Capron has written, I felt as if I must give a thank-offering.

“Having no money at the time, I mentally pledged the first wedding-fee my husband should receive, as these are always made over to me. The largest ever paid to him had been five dollars; and I hoped the next would be that. But to our surprise, and my delight, it was ten. You can imagine how joyfully I send it.

“I have other duties beside missionary work. The ‘baby boy’ is my third precious gift, and the first is not yet three years old.

“My warmest sympathies are with the work of the Woman’s Board. May God’s blessing prosper it!”

TURN DOWN THE DAMPER.

“THE past year, 1870, I am proud to call my missionary year. It is the first year of my life in which every week has had an explicit and a tangible relation to missionary work. In it I have been laying aside every week twenty-five cents, every month a dollar, for the support of half a heathen.

“This, I say, is the first year; and I am more than a quarter of a century old.

“With a generous sum apportioned me for household and personal expenses, this has not been a difficult thing to do. I am ashamed that the dollar has been so little representative of sacrifice.

“But that *half* a heathen troubled me; not that I was doubtful that the other half is provided for, — a lovely lady, a neighbor of mine, assumed that, and gave the whole her name. But *half* of *any thing* troubles me. Half of my heart for

God troubled me a long time ; by his grace I added the other half not a great while ago.

“ A very generous but quizzing spirit, to be whose humbler half does *not* trouble me, came down to breakfast one of these cold mornings, found the stove red hot and the breakfast room uncomfortably warm, with the thermometer outside ranging twenty degrees below zero.

“ Turning down the damper, he said very quietly, and not at all maliciously, ‘ There goes quarter of a heathen at least.’

“ For weeks I had been pondering and planning how I could, during 1871, manage to save the other half of that dear little girl in India. Was I not economical? Did I not stint all my luxuries, and continue to do without any very large supplies of necessities?

“ Yes: all this was beyond contradiction. Conscience had offered no reproof that I could hear ; but here it was at last, — the damper was not turned down.

“ Not the damper to the dining-room stove alone, but so many dampers I could see that were letting the fires rage, and not in any sense standing guard over dear Mrs. Waugh’s poor Bengalees. It was made clear now, that which had been so dim before, — a waste here, a leak there, materials with resources only half exhausted, and a watchfulness that had never been mine.

“ That was a quiet breakfast. John was sorry, and thought he had hurt me, for he knew how the missionary spirit had been striving with me.

“ I was glad : after prayers I put my arms around his neck and said, ‘ I see my way clear to the other half now, dear.’

“ And so I do ; and 1871 shall be a better missionary year to me by half a soul more.

“ I shall try to turn *all* the dampers down

Heathen Woman’s Friend.



JUNE.

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1871.

THE TAMIL GIRLS.

BY MRS. DE REIMER.

DEAR CHILDREN, — You must not imagine that the Tamil girls are disagreeable in their appearance, and that you would not like to have them sit beside you and have a nice talk with them. Some of them are very pretty. To be sure they have dark skins ; but they have nice glossy black hair, beautiful black eyes, and features much like yours, and many have very intelligent faces, and you would soon love them. But there is a great difference between the girls who have been educated at the mission boarding-schools and those who have not. There is also the same distinction between rich and poor girls that there is with you ; only they say here, " high caste," and " low caste," instead of " rich " and " poor." The high-caste girls, when they reach eleven or twelve years of age, are shut up at home ; and it is almost impossible to see them, or get them to go out anywhere. Sometimes they are allowed to attend the boarding-

school ; but the teachers have to keep them pretty closely, or the parents take them away. The low-caste girls have to work very hard : they even go into the rice-fields, and help gather in the harvest. You would be surprised to see what immense burdens they carry on their heads.

Now, the great object in Ceylon is, not to have a girl educated and be good, but to have her get married.

In one of our boarding-schools, there was a very nice girl, named Anna-mutter, who soon after entering gave her heart to the Saviour. Her father was a Protestant convert ; but her mother and sisters were strong heathen, and were very angry when she became an earnest Christian, and did all they could to make her renounce her faith, during the vacation spent with them. But Anna-mutter stood firm, and neither ridicule, reproach, nor entreaty moved her. They tried to betroth her to a heathen ; but she was so opposed, that they finally gave it up, and she came back to school, tried but found faithful. In the middle of the term, the teacher was asked to allow Anna-mutter to attend her sister's wedding. She went home, and the women told her she must bathe, and make ready for the occasion. Then they began to go through the ceremonies customary with a bride ; and at last the wedding-jacket, which Anna had helped make for her sister, was put on her ; and, in spite of her cries and opposition, she was married, and could not go back to school any more. Poor Anna ! We all feel very sorry for her, and pray that Jesus will keep close by her side, and make her a bright and shining light in the midst of the terrible blackness of heathenism.

Now, dear children, won't you pray for these poor Tamil girls, and be little missionaries where you are, and perhaps some time God will call you to come over the waters to teach the heathen.

“Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.”

THE KESSAB CHILDREN.

BY MISS POWERS.

WOULD the youth in America like to hear about the Kessab children in a village on the rocky slope of Mount Cassius? There are two stone schoolhouses, shaded in summer by English walnut-trees. The floors are covered with rush-mats, on which the children sit. There are no desks; and, when they write, they hold the paper on the hand or knee. The scholars are like those we find in other lands: some are lazy, and some industrious. One little boy who does not like to go to school, Nashan ("token") begged piteously to go home one day because his parents would eat all the "osh" up! "Osh" is a general word for warm food. The teacher, however, did not think it very likely, and he was not excused.

The boys and girls dress much alike, both wearing a short jacket, and a skirt in three breadths fastened together a little below the waist. The boys' heads are adorned with a red tasselled cap or fez, and the girls either go bare-headed or wear a bright handkerchief.

THE CLOCKS.

You will think it very funny when I tell you their clocks have two legs, and *run* quite fast! They need no winding; but, if they once run down, they never can be started again. They ought to be tidy, for they always carry a *comb*. By these clocks the people know when it is "midnight" or "cock-crowing," (Matt. xiii. 35.) One day little Teghisa (Eliza) said, "Teacher, it is recess-time." — "How do you know?" — "Because the cock is crowing!"

THE KID AT SCHOOL.

A sudden squall of wind and rain one day set the children's tongues and limbs in motion. "Teacher, it leaks here!" "Teacher, the mat is getting wet: shall I turn it back?"

While they were trying to find a dry place on which to sit, a black nose was thrust through the partly open door, then a couple of horns, and in walked a kid. He thought the schoolroom would be a nice shelter from the storm, but I feared he would not behave any better than "Mary's lamb," and so turned him out.

The children also attend Sabbath school, and sing in Turkish many of your hymns. I hope that you will pray that these children may love to come to school, and that their parents and brothers and sisters, — for often the brothers' wives keep the girls from coming, — may gladly send them, even when they want them at home.

But, above all, pray that they may feel sorry for their sins, and that Jesus may fit them to live forever "in the Christian's home in glory."

OUR MISSIONARY MEETING.

DEAR children, let me tell you about our missionary meeting, —

"Where is it held, and how often?" Once a month, at Garnavillo, Iowa, in a little white house at the end of the town, — not exactly a parsonage, — but the minister lives there. "Who comes to the meeting?" A dozen or twenty little boys and girls. What do they do there? Come and look in to-day, and you shall see.

This is our annual meeting; and the children have come with their best dresses and jackets, and bright, happy faces. Five minutes of three, and they are all here. Harry, Eddie, Lottie, Isabel, Ida, and the rest, — nineteen in all. Three o'clock! They all choose their seats, and are still. The meeting begins. The Bible first, — that grand psalm which tells about the idols of the heathen, who having eyes see not, and ears hear not. The children understand it without any explanation. We kneel down, and together repeat a few words at a time, a short prayer,

asking God to bless our meeting, the money we give the little heathen children, and last of all ourselves, that we may not forget to give our own hearts to the dear Saviour.

Now we sing. Sometimes it is "Over the Ocean Wave," or "Send forth the Bible;" but to-day we choose, "There is Work to do for Jesus," and the little voices join sweetly in the chorus.

Next come the missionary stories, — read or told, — one from "Life and Light," another from Children's Department of "Heathen Woman's Friend," a third saved up from a back "Well-Spring," and last, a chapter from a little book called "Glimpses of Child-life in Africa." How eyes sparkle, and little hands begin to go into pockets, while Cora takes our dear missionary-box from the table, and passes it to each. In go the pennies and the scrip. Let's count it. Fifty-two cents to-day! All the children are glad. "We'll have enough next time to make another dollar," says Eddie. That little box has already held five dollars since we commenced our children's meeting one year ago; and now we are going right on. But the hour is out. We all stand and sing, "Each one has his Mission;" and the meeting is done.

If this were an ordinary meeting, a plate of cookies or a dish of pop-corn would appear and disappear, and the children would separate. But to-day, as I told you, was our annual meeting, and everybody stays to tea. So all the toys and picture-books the little white house affords are brought out; and, while some are busy with these, old Tim gives three or four at a time a short ride, until all have had their turn, and tea is ready.

Then a merry half-hour of eating and chatting, and again a few moments of quiet, while the minister says a few words to these lambs of his flock, and commends them all to the loving care of the good Shepherd.

Then the kisses and good-bys and the house is still, — all except the three little ones who live there, and to whom "missionary day" is a gala time.

Now, dear children, all over the East and West, don't you want a missionary meeting? If you do, go to your minister's wife, and ask her to let you have one. See if she doesn't say "Yes."

E. P. D.

MISSION-CIRCLES.

THE WOBURN WORKERS.

THIS mission-circle, formed by the misses of the First Congregational Society in Woburn, auxiliary to the Woman's Board of Missions, held a fair in the vestry of their church, Feb. 22, under the supervision of Miss Cordelia Sandford. Flowers, useful and ornamental articles of needle-work, an abundance of cake, confectionery, oysters, and ice-creams, graced the tables.

An "Art Gallery," "A Railroad round the Moon," and "An Old Woman in the Shoe" proved attractive features of the entertainment. There was also an interesting musical concert performed by the little ones. The Fair was largely attended, and very successful; and the proceeds, amounting to one hundred and eighty dollars, were appropriated to Mrs. Bissell's school at Ahmednuggur.

MISS K., *Sec.*

WHAT MISSION-CIRCLES CAN DO

There have been formed during the winter, in Central Church, Boston, three mission-circles, — one in a class of young girls, who call themselves "Eughapers, or Oil-bringers;" one in a class of little boys, who have named themselves the "Busy Bees;" and still another, composed of boys, who have well earned the name of "Merry Workers."

Not satisfied with the slow counting up of pennies to make dollars, they determined to have a little sale that would give them "ever so much money at once;" they thought, perhaps, fifty dollars. The little girls worked early and late preparing "beaten oil for the sanctuary," in the shape of fancy articles sure to tempt a purchaser; while the boys were "busy" and

“ merry ” selling tickets, and doing their share of the work. Through the assistance of kind friends, the proceeds amounted to four hundred and seventy-five dollars ! With hearts all aglow, they sent it to the W. B. M., hoping to be able every year to support a missionary. MISS ABBIE B. CHILD, *Sec.*

Twenty-five copies of the “ Children’s Quarterly ” can be obtained for one dollar a year, or one hundred for four dollars, by sending Secretary W. B. M., 33 Pemberton Square, Boston

Whose Penny was it ?

MRS. EDWIN WRIGHT.

FOR weeks has our tree been true to its trust, —
 To the store of each child has sought to be just.
 At noonday has shaded the ferns from the sun,
 Or lifted and fanned them as drooping begun ;
 Has sheltered from storms, and guarded from thieves,
 And blown from among them the stray falling leaves.
 Just now its reflections are sober and grave :
 “ These children are laboring the heathen to save ;
 While I, fully grown, am fixed in one spot.
 Would I could do something for God ! can I not ?
 I’ll comfort the weary with cool shade and rest :
 In doing my duty, I please him the best.
 ’Tis not in the measure of service we give :
 To act in Christ’s spirit is truly to live.
 If naught’s to be done, I’ll sing hymns of praise
 With each passing zephyr and breeze that I raise.
 At once, for these strangers, I’m put to the proof, —
 Nor from aught I can render will I hold aloof.”
 So he fanned their hot faces, and shaded their eyes,
 And murmured most soothing and sweet lullabies,
 Till their thoughts with his own seemed just in accord,
 And instinctively filled with praise to the Lord.
 Says the elder, “ Would it please you, a story I’d tell.
 That I long lived in India I think you know well,

Towards eve, at the close of a hot summer's day,
 As in my veranda to rest me I lay,
 An odd-looking being appeared at my side,
 Whose form and strange visage I scarce could abide.
 His low brow was shaded by shaggy black hair ;
 His hat of coarse straw, the worse for wear ;
 In gait he was shuffling, in features quite rude :
 In short, I was fearful that ill he might brood.
 Unmindful, to talk with my children I tried
 Of Jesus, and how in his grace to abide ;
 Of God's loving kindness in giving his Son
 That we might be saved from our sins, every one.
 Immediate a change spread over his face, —
 His head was erect, and he shifted his place,
 Till he fell at my feet : but no more I feared ;
 I knew him a brother, to whom Christ had appeared.
 I drew out his story : A man of wild life,
 Who dwelt in the mountains 'mid discord and strife.
 No servant of Jesus had e'er passed that way,
 Nor the thick pagan darkness been lit by one ray
 Of the knowledge of God, and his rich precious gift
 Of a Saviour men's souls from misery to lift.
 And yet, in the shape of a small penny tract,
 The good news had come to this man as a fact.
 And the Spirit enlightened the eyes of his mind,
 And enabled him through it Jesus to find.
 Now, *whose penny was it ?* what baby's mite
 That turned, by God's blessing, his darkness to light ?"
 Responsive the younger gently replied,
 " God's truth in his word and promise abide.
 Who offers his gift from a heart full of love
 Has touched the arm of his Father above ;
 And the hard-gotten penny as well as great store
 God's blessing can make abundantly more."
 And *whose penny was it ? thine, friend, or mine ?*
 In low, murmured cadence, a breath to a line,
 The willow caught up in frequent refrain,
 Repeating it over and over again,
 In hope it might sink into some childish heart,
 And make it more ready with pennies to part.

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Life and Light for Heathen Women

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